

THE PILGRIMS.

They Arrive in Paris After Visiting the Eternal City and Lourdes

His Holiness Pope Leo XII Gives Them Cordial Welcome and Blessing.

MANY TOUCHING SCENES.

ROME, August 6, 1894.—The American pilgrims bound ultimately for Lourdes, were received this morning by His Holiness. The Papal master of ceremonies had arranged that they were to be received all together, as they drew the fatigue of a private audience to the Pontiff, but he insisted on receiving each separately, which was a great honor, and shows that the Americans are as much in favor at the Vatican as at the Quirinal. At seven a. m. all had arrived at the Vatican, and after traveling some magnificent state-cars leading to the private apartments of the Pontiff, we arrived in a frescoed sala. The curious were kept interested by the various Swiss guards in yellow, red and black, gentlemen of the court in dress clothes, with large gold chains over their slant bosoms, noble guards, etc., until, gloves having been ordered off, we passed into a large hall, and magnificently hung with rose silk damask, under a fresco of fresco. I interpreted Dr. Lapponi, His Holiness' doctor, who greeted us by saying, "You have come to see for yourself if the Holy Father is in good health," but he seemed to have no fear that I should find that he had deceived me.

His Holiness' arrival was greeted with great expectation rose higher and higher as the moment approached in which many would realize the dream of years. There was a quiet, glowing lack of a curtain, a saluted murmur, and the head of the church stood before us. In white from head to foot, he mounted to the altar and mass began. I am perfectly convinced that all talk of ill health and approaching death are fictions. He is strong and energetic, with voice firm, and no more than his usual labors would exhaust him. The men who, at eighty-four years of age, could celebrate mass for over an hour, with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, in insupportable heavy robes, with a cane, and firm foothold, cannot be very infirm. After mass his chair was placed in front of the altar, and one by one we advanced. It was a touching scene and we well worth the thousands of miles to participate in. The morning sun shining in through silk curtains on a hundred kneeling figures, with earnest upturned faces, while in the distance, welled on the breeze, came the strains of martial music from the defenders of the Kingdom of Italy. Did the Pontiff hear and heed? I saw no sign of littleness appeared on that kind, old face. The priests were first received, and as they knelt to kiss his hand the Pontiff took the opportunity to say to each, "I am sending them the faculty of giving the Papal blessing to their flock."

"The American people are very dear to me, and a pilgrimage of this kind of your children is most welcome to me," he said, and I hope to see you only you again, but many more of your fellow countrymen. This is a pious work, always upheld by the church. The routes and relics were then blessed, and each person passed up to be received with a few kind words and a fatherly handshake. Some of the good ladies were unable to contain their emotion and tears rolled down their faces.

REMARKABLE MEMORY. During this time the Pope exclaimed frequently: "O che buon popolo! Iustitia fide! Quanta pietas!" ("What good people! What faith! What piety!") His Holiness showed his remarkable memory by saying to each person who his or her diocese was mentioned the name of the bishops as there were twenty dioceses represented. It was a marvellous display of knowledge. The ceremonies lasted about three hours, after which the Vatican gardens were visited.

FATHER K. M. FURLE, the director of the pilgrimages, presented the Holy Father \$4,500, the annual offering of the diocese of Brooklyn, and about \$500 of private contributions from those present, which was presented in a bag laid for the occasion by Miss Catherine Bell, of New York.

THE HEALER OF THE POPE. The Pope has been very much annoyed at all the news published by the London Times and the Frenchblatt as to the condition of his health not being good. To have positive information on the subject I sent to see Professor Giuseppe Laygoni, who has been for five years the personal physician of His Holiness and lives in the Via Leonora. In the same house in which lived Commendatore Gensaroli, the black doctor of the Holy Father, who died last year.

As soon as he saw me, before I uttered a word, he exclaimed: "I know what you have come for. You wish to know if the Pope is ill. Well, no, the Pope is not the slightest ill. He has never been ill as well as now, so that for four days I have not seen him. Not only has he no illness of any kind, but he is relatively strong, so that he can move about by himself in his library to take down or to put back books which are in the higher rows of the bookcase."

"The most surprising quality of the Pope is his excellent memory. He remembers even the slightest details of very distant events. Only the other day, for instance, he has told me that in 1841, fifty years ago, when he was nine and a half years old, he was ordered by Dr. Witterwunder to take the hydrochloric acid under the care of Dr. Trias. After this, the weather being warm, he went for the bath to Ostend, where the sea being always rough, he used to feel great pleasure in feeling the waves about his limbs."

His Holiness' memory is so good that he is able to remember at half past six or seven in the morning, says mass and prayer, and has his breakfast at eight o'clock, which consists of coffee or chocolate and milk. Then he holds audiences and receives and at 2 p. m. has his dinner of a little soup and a very small piece of meat and fruit. After some conversation with the prelates of his court, he sleeps for an hour, then reads and studies, and takes a walk in the Vatican gardens, and at eight he has supper, or so called supper, as what His Holiness consumes in a week would not serve another man for a day. He studies again, reads the newspapers until half past eleven or twelve, when he retires for the night.

"I assure you," continued Dr. Lapponi, "that if no great unforeseen disease comes the Pope will live to be over ninety years old. I go to see him usually twice a week on Sunday always. Very often he tells me that he knows that there is no reason for going until the following Sunday. The telephone between his house and the Vatican connects him to know at once in case of need. But strange to say, it is very seldom the Vatican that calls us generally, as the Pope himself is in the Vatican. The police inspector under whose charge the Vatican is, and who at any false news of the Pope's health, would not give me rest for a moment, asking at all times what is the truth, so as to be the first to report to the government news about the Pope's health."—N. Y. Herald.

THE BICYCLE

It Is Not a Toy or Plaything, But a Vehicle to be Used for Business.

As Well as Being a Most Enjoyable and Beneficial Health Giver.

IT HAS COME TO STAY.

There are still a good many good people who will consider it as a toy and a plaything, but the President of the United States should intrust a message to the Governor of Colorado to the first of a series of letters which are being sent out by the bicycle companies for the purpose of making a bicycle a vehicle for business. The wonder comes from the assumption of the good people that bicycling is a mere sport, and the bicycle a mere toy. That was the truth perhaps even ten years ago, but certainly it is not the truth now. The bicycle of these days is very much more than a toy, which it required an athlete of high training to operate, and which was good for nothing except to be driven with great speed around a cinder track or upon the smooth asphalt pavements of a few cities. The modern bicycle is a vehicle—a practical road machine, whereby, upon recent roads, any able-bodied person of either sex, with a short apprenticeship, learn to cover at least three times the distance that could be traversed in the same time on foot, and with no more exertion than is involved in walking.

Comparatively few people who do not themselves ride which are aware of the complete revolution in bicycling that has been made by the introduction of the modern safety machine. The danger of a "header," which was very imminent with the old high wheel, is now almost eliminated from the exercise. More than that, the modern bicycle can be propelled over any road over which a horse ought to be compelled to travel. The high pavement of cities and the tolerably level and smooth highway of the country, which were formerly impracticable to the old wheel, are perfectly practicable to the new. The introduction of bicycle corps into European armies, and the consequent use of bicycles for travel where there are no made roads at all, attests the enormous difference between the modern "machine" and the old-fashioned toy.

Bicycling has now become a most enjoyable and beneficial form of exercise, in which everybody can take part who can take any active exercise whatever, and who is no longer than attending any other form of active exercise. Moreover, it is a practical and useful mode of locomotion, which has heretofore been used mainly for recreation and pleasure, but which may be used for ordinary travel, with an immense gain in time, money, and health for those who practice it.

People who are not bicyclists do not sufficiently consider the public benefits which the bicycle has already conferred. The invention of a vehicle from which the rider is enabled to dismount at will, has reduced the mile time of trotting horses by four or five seconds in only one of these benefits, and not the greatest. Nobody who has occasion to see the country, or to get to some distant place, or to the Middle States can fail to notice how very much better these roads are provided with signposts and guides to the traveler than they were a few years ago. This great improvement is entirely the work of the wheelman. In many cases, perhaps in most, the work has been done by the wheelman, and the signposts bear the monogram of their league. When this is not the case, it will be found that it is the example and the precept of the wheelman that has caused the signposts to be erected, and the provision for the traveler for accurate information of where he is, how he is to get to his destination, and how far away his destination is. The wheelman has stimulated the mapmakers, inasmuch that whereas ten years ago it was difficult to get a good portable map showing the whole of one of our great States, it is now easy to acquire such a map of almost any region that is attractive to tourists.

These are important material services, but the service of the small importance compared with the agitation for good roads, in which agitation the wheelman have been the most constant and the most distinguished men of the country. The whole country is becoming alive to the desirability of good roads, though very many parts of the country still insist that good roads shall be provided for them at the expense of some body else. The actual improvement has already been great, and there is a certain prospect that, as the knowledge of the difference between good roads and bad roads practically means the road throughout the whole country will be improved, until there is no longer any agricultural community in which a horse-drawn carriage is the only mode of travel, which will be accepted as a road. When that time comes, the wheelman will be entitled to congratulate themselves upon a result that will have been so very largely due to their labors upon the road.

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER from scrofula, and all skin diseases, are cured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills. For children who are weak, the "Pink Pills" build up the system, and give the child strength. What the child needs is a good blood, and the "Pink Pills" give it. For all diseases caused by a weak blood, Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills are the only remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure in a few days, the money is returned.

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FRENCH LICK SPRINGS.

Intense Rivalry Between French Lick and West Baden, the Great Health Resorts

French Lick, Ind., Aug. 18, 1894.—I came upon a sudden impulse and the pleasure of friends. I am glad I came. After four days' use of the water of the "White" spring, I seem to be improved. I want to remain a week longer if I can. Guests here seem to differ from those of any other watering place I have seen. The ordinary and almost the only subject of discussion is the value of the waters. Every where in every corner of persons, in the galleries of the hotel or on the numerous seats on the lawns, it is the absorbing theme. Women and men alike, relate to each other their experience and that of others. There is no need to any other subject until each one pumps himself or herself dry.

Especially is noticed on conversation with the drinking of the waters. You see things multiply walking up and down the grounds in obedience to the injunction to take plenty of exercise. I have observed two gentlemen, one from somewhere in Indiana and the other a bright looking Jew from Chattanooga, Tenn., who are the champion walkers. The latter is said to be the Mayor of Chattanooga. Many make foot-rack sorties over to West Baden about a mile distant.

There is intense rivalry between French Lick and West Baden. Each is striving to outdo the other. There is a large crowd over there. A lively stable and a very enterprising one furnishes good turnout for driving, and also runs hacks and stages between the two places, and visitors between the places are numerous. By reason of the ready facilities at twenty-five cents to the room, it is a correct diagnosis of the poor fellow's disease.

Kentucky is well represented by a number of Louisville people and a sprinkling of people from many points out in the State. Ashland, Chattanooga, and the towns in that region have sent quite a number. Indiana, however, exceeds them all. Some State officials are here, all of whom are Democrats, that party being in power now. Chicago is not lost in the estimate, for she contributes a large number. I have met several city officials from Chicago. It is remarked constantly that but few pleasure seekers are here. This great number seem, to the last man and woman, to be in quest of health and cure, and high hope. According to what you hear these waters are a cure specific for all diseases.

I did not begin with a view of writing much, only a few lines for my friends to read. I am a doctor.

I was awakened last night by earnest cries of murder and for help. My first impulse was to get out as I sounded under the moon, and I found in a tragedy. Then remembering that many come here and drink the waters to expurgate from the system the whisky and beer, which had become a serious matter with them, and sometimes are thrown into jail-jams by the remedies applied. I then lay down and went to sleep. I learned this morning I had made a correct diagnosis of the poor fellow's disease.

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THAT DARK BROWN TASTE

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Man's enterprise culminated at the World's Columbian Exposition. The memory of it will be a marvel for all time. The fame there acquired will live for years. The manufacturers of

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

appreciate the award to them of highest honors at the Exposition. The significance of the compliment, the splendid character of the indorsement, cannot be underrated. It stamps Dr. Price's as without a peer among the baking powders. The jury of awards, an exceptionally intelligent body, was headed by the Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture. They found Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder strongest in leavening power, perfect in purity, and of uniform excellence.

"Foremost Baking Powder in all the World."

FARMING.

The Old Time Way of Tilling the Soil One of the Lost Arts.

Mechanical, Chemical and Electrical Science Has Changed The Whole Process.

Steam And Chemistry Now Do The Work.

MODERN MARCH OF PROGRESS.

In modern life one of the most striking features that has been and is being developed more and more rapidly is the interdependence of the members of the human family. As the population increases, the hermit or quasi-hermit life as in frequent years ago, when the farmer for months in the winter was hardly any faces except those of his own family, and when he conducted his farming operations in almost complete independence of the rest of the world, is fast becoming an impossibility. In old times the farm was a self-sustaining world in itself. The wells, springs and cisterns supplied water; the domestic animals got all their food from it, and it produced its own fertilizers. By rotation of crops, by letting land lie fallow, and by the use of fertilizing material produced on the farm the land was kept fertile. Rain descended from the clouds without any human agency.

Now the conditions are very different. The greater demands of modern civilization militate against the simple life of the New England farmer of one or two generations ago. The farmer's children wish to compete with city children in education and in general culture. The outside of the personal aspect, of which this is but one element, modern conditions affect his life in a much broader sense. The tendency now is to work the soil in large areas devoted to a single crop, and to use machinery in all farming operations. For many years past the American farmer has been busy inventing most ingenious machines for cultivating the ground, for sowing the seed, and for harvesting the crop. The account of the inventor's work the Western farmer, with little of what reaching to the horizon, cultivated by steam-driven plows, and whose crops are harvested by great machines driven by teams of many horses, have become a reality. The great cereal crop of the United States is due to the mechanical harvest.

In the same order of things is the modern fertilizer. For different crops different fertilizers are made in factories. As the great natural sources of phosphate were overdrawn, the European agriculturist has utilized the most potent slag of the blast steel process. The farmer depends no longer on his barnyard, but purchases his plant food in the most approved form, made in factories from the most unimproving sources of supply. The Atlantic coast is dotted by arsenicals whose occupation is the catching of men-hen or honey bees. After the oil is extracted from these fish, the farmer has a claim on what is left as a source of nitrogen for his crops. South American nitrate of soda is another source of nitrogen. The German mines supply him with his potash, and the blending of all the elements is effected in the fertilizer factories, whose processes are guided by the most exact chemical analyses of their materials.

Even in the matter of local transportation the farmer is being taken care of.

SIOGOCO.

Will Hamilton will teach the Siogoco school.

Mr. Jane McLeister, of Long Branch, was in our midst last week.

Uncle Mathew Haynes was very sick three or four days last week.

Rev. J. C. Wright begins a protracted meeting at Payneville Sunday.

Mr. Hugh Little and grandson, Pink of Corydon, Ind., was here last week to dispose of his wheat.

Many thanks to Misses Ella and Nellie Haynes for those nice grapes. They were the finest I've seen this season.

Glenn Brown leaves soon for Kansas, to continue his accompanying Mr. Thomas Phillips, who will leave about or before the middle of September.

Dr. Burch reports 14 cases of typhoid fever in a radius of three miles in the vicinity of Hicktown. A singular feature relates to the effect that all the patients have used none other but spring water.

The Lydian-Style cyclone thrasher was in our neighborhood last week and worked on into the river bottom, finishing up the crops that Phillips alighted and those that alighted Phillips.

Don Styles did the cleanest thrashing that has ever been done in this neighborhood.

There is no longer an uncertainty in regard to having a postoffice at Oak Grove. John Cain is fitting up a room with fixtures for that purpose.

The inhabitants of that rural district are rejoicing in hourly expectation of seeing "Mr. Thorning" rumbling down the hill by Noah's ark with the east-bound mail. Milan is the name of the new postoffice.

Nancy, I'll tell you the reason I didn't complain the Weston girls in my letter to the News. I got stuck at Payneville the day of the ball game on one of the fair sex from Preston. I kept bragging on her good looks all the time I was there, and would you believe it? after I came home I learned that she was a married lady. It's a fact, it paralyzed me. I was afraid to say anything more in their praise, though perhaps some of the rest of 'em had "Olives." See?

Where the process of development of modern life will end, it is hard to say. The farmer, who would seem to be the last to be subjected to modern scientific advancements, is really, speaking relatively, the one most affected. Mechanical, chemical, and electrical science have changed his entire status. Among inventions the farm is recognized as the field for most useful work in invention. Man may yet learn to dispense with coal, and the steam engine may be relegated to the past. The self-contained energies of the cosmic system may yet be used to replace the motor which during the last decades has replaced them. Windmills and waterwheels represent the utilization of cosmic energy, and mankind may yet be driven to a more extensive use of the mechanical powers of nature. But for food production, it seems as if the soil for many years to come must be the only source. Synthetic chemistry has to make enormous advances before it can produce palatable food. Already it has done something in producing glucose and saccharine as sugar substitutes, but until the synthesis on the large scale of carbon and hydrogen is effected, the synthetic chemistry will be inchoate.

In the modern march of progress the farmer will not be left out. The changes in his process, the abolishment of the quiet, rural life, and of the farm as an almost self-contained unit of existence, are brought about by the devotion to his interests of the culture of the world, and the world in its turn is more and more dependent on him. His success or failure in the Western States affects the life of the nation, and through them the financial condition of the Eastern and European capitalist. The dependence of mankind on the past and present products of the soil is becoming more and more apparent. As modern science daily proves itself incapable of dispensing with the slow processes of nature. The field for science and invention in improving farm processes is one of the greatest. Mechanics and chemistry will, every year, take a larger part in the operations dependent on plant culture, and future years may yet see a system of a system of farm and tree culture established that the entire country, with climate areas for particular crops, will seem but one great farm, whose soil will be represented by acres of many miles extent. As mechanics and chemistry now do their most important work in connection with the crops, steadily may yet supplant them, or revolutionize their operations.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea, and used many remedies without relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give this remedy and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky., and Kincheloe, Board & Co., Harlanburg, Ky.

Mr. T. V. Fowles, who was not the Grand Master Workman during the recent strike, has asked his opinion as to the best remedy for the ailment. He said that the best remedy would be a reasonable dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, according to my way of thinking.

—Lanshire World.

School books and school supplies—Babbages.

Easy to Take and keep the system in Perfect Order.

WATER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

A specific for Headache Constipation, and Dyspepsia.

Effective

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The Best Thing to Do.

And let us consider one another to prove, as to love and to good works.—Matthew 22:39.

The man who thinks only of himself and forgetful of his obligations to others doesn't count for much either in this world or the next.

A purely selfish man, who wants everything and gives nothing, lives in the suburbs of purgatory and will not have far to go when he dies.

To recognize your rights and ignore your duties is to pursue a policy which angels deplore and devils rejoice at.

God can use a man to the best advantage when the man which is prone to selfishness evicts it tenant and makes room for the occupancy of heavenly virtues.

The man who seeks for this world's goods exclusively, whose chief position is in a bank account, will find himself out of place in heaven, a stranger in a strange land.

Money is a good thing to work for, but it isn't the only thing, nor the best thing.

It is not well to despise money, but you must remember that the more you will purchase much that is desirable it will buy neither character nor happiness. Unless you generously share it with those who are unfortunate it will make you narrow and selfish.

The most pitiful spectacle that eye ever looked upon is the man who has more than he knows what to do with, and refuses to divest himself of it, keep the wolf away from the door across the street.

The noblest men are those who give, not those who keep, and there is more satisfaction in seeing a poor man's child receive the bread which you have furnished than in sitting at your own table when plenty abounds, if you ignore the poor man's children and let them go hungry.

True religion is a very simple matter. You can get along without a creed, but you cannot get along without doing good to fellow creatures who need your help.

The world is full of sorrows and struggles. Tears fall like showers and sighs are as when the wind sweeps through a forest of plagues, and those who suffer are part of the family to which you belong. You have no right to be indifferent. To be neglectful is a crime.

You can lend a helping hand, but refuse to do it on the ground that you wish to use both hands for yourself, you lose an opportunity which Providence has provided, and you will have difficulty in explaining your conduct when the hour of reckoning comes.

Doing good to others is the best way to get a blessing for yourself.

You will find the strongest proofs that the religion you believe in is from God if you will cease studying the theology which is in books and devote an equal time to the life of the poor in your neighborhood.

When a man gives cheer to another's heart the angels mysteriously put cheer into his own.

It is right and proper to pray. "Give us this day our daily bread." But that price is for his answer, and that price is that you shall give some one else a part of the bread he gives to you.

If you are suffering from an affliction what will you do? How shall you suffer? By asking God to lighten your burden? No; by doing what you can to lighten the burden of some equally troubled soul. If you bring a smile to the trembling lips of another, you will soon discover that a smile is alighting on your own lips like a butterfly on a flower.

Would you increase your faith? Would you dispate your doubts? Would you convince yourself that life is very sweet? Then live, even when the shadows throw their gloom on your path? Then visit those who are wearily plodding along hopeless and friendless.

You'll find yourself at last comforted by forgetting yourself and saying a kindly word to some poor creature, who may be in heavenly surroundings if he lived under your roof and enjoyed your advantages.

When you are in the presence of the Lord, who was himself poor and oppressed, and so lonely that he knelt in loneliness to ask for help, you will be poorly off if you have nothing better to say than that you accepted all the creeds of the church and kept yourself unoppressed from the world. But you will be well off if you can assure him that you kept some one else unoppressed from the world at great pains and sacrifice.

Love God, love your neighbor, obey the command, "Feed my lambs," and you will get a warm welcome at the end of the journey after death.

It is not what you believe, but what you do, that will entitle you to a residence in the New Jerusalem.

You may have a million, but if you have done nothing to make the world better you will die a brother.

You may be counted among the poor, but if you have been a brother to your fellow men, you will be counted among the rich.

No one ever loved God acceptably who did not love his children.

There is no room in the House not built with hands for a soul that has not made some sacrifice for others.

If you love your kind and manifest that love by generous deeds it will be a step from your grave to heaven.—New York Herald.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of W. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the professional in general for strains, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will relieve a sore in one half the time usually required. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky., and Kincheloe, Board & Co., Harlanburg, Ky.

AN AGED LADY

SUFFERED 40 YEARS.

Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhoea, Debility, Rheumatism 10 Years. All Yield to Cernmetuer.

"I am seventy-five years old. For more than forty years I was a sufferer with

DYSPEPSIA.

What I ate made me sick, and finally the trouble ran into a

CHRONIC DIARRHOEA.

I was reduced to a state of great debility. In this condition, some two or three years ago, I began to use Dr. King's

ROYAL CERMETUER.

It has done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken. I can

EAT ANYTHING I LIKE,

and my general health is good. I also had

Rheumatism 10 Years.

In my hand and arm, and also taking the Cernmetuer that is so entirely

restored my health, and I am now as well as I can be, and I am

King's Royal Cernmetuer Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORT

Consolidated weekly by Publishers of Louisville Courier-Journal, 111 Second St. Market, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 26, 1898.

Shippers should mark all packages plain with shipper's name and post-office address.

Butter.

Cheddar, cream, 15 1/2
Dried, 14 1/2
Medium, 13 1/2

Corn.

Yellow, 12 1/2
White, 12 1/2

Wheat.

Hard, 1 1/2
Soft, 1 1/2

Oats.

White, 1 1/2
Yellow, 1 1/2

Hay.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Stocks.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Grain.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Meat.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Produce.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Oil.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Sugar.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

Wool.

Good, 1 1/2
Poor, 1 1/2

GEO. BYRON

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CLOVERPORT, KY.

Office with David B. Murray, one door above Post office.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1904

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LOCAL BRIEVITIES

Will likely be typhoid fever.

For milk look to the City Bakery.

Wick DeHaven is improving rapidly.

Washed, two white girls, apply at Myers' Home.

School boys pants that will wear well.

Sulzer's.

See our new line of men's hats.

Next Friday is Spurgeon Robertson's rule day.

Mrs. Isaac Singleton, of Lawrenceville, was in the city yesterday.

Fresh crackers and cakes just received at the City Bakery.

The magistrates court begin next Tuesday at McDaniel's.

Try our extra strong school shoes for boys and girls.

Sulzer's.

Judge Gregory will hold his regular monthly court next Monday.

Squire Hamilton is doing some needed repairs on the iron bridge.

Walter May is visiting his cousin, Mrs. H. H. Froelich, of Owensboro.

Geo. D. Blake of Owensboro has been granted an increase of pension.

The stone work on the railroad bridge at this place is about completed.

Virgil Long has a half interest in his father and brother business to take Trent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Willis have a very lively home when they get it completed.

Spence, a young man, is selling a Levant a pound from store to store here and in DeLand.

Nip article writing paper, just the thing to write to your sweetheart on.

Sulzer's.

Look up milk umbrellas, with blue knot handle, return to this office, and receive reward.

Marion Behan has been promoted to manager of the Acad. Brick plant.

A deserted promenade.

The expanded office, last thing for lunches, picnics and tar spring parties.

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John Warfield has moved out on his farm.

He and Jim Miller will try to "make" for a livelihood.

Frank J. H. Logan will move this week into the home recently vacated by Dr. Watkins on High street.

A new post-office has been established at May, Meigs county.

John H. Bain is the postmaster.

The Democrats are not asleep out at Rockvale. They are organized and say they will poll many votes.

Crop on the road from here to Rockvale are looking well. There will be an average crop of both corn and tobacco.

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